THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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AMERICANS NEED MORE BEAUTY, SAYS MRS. HAND

Back From World Tour, Prominent Carmel Woman Declares Foreign People Can Teach Us Much Esthetically

"It would be better for Americans if we gave as much thought to beauty as do other races of the earth which we are inclined to consider not so far advanced as we are."

Mrs. J. W. Hand, a resident of Carmel for twenty years and for twelve years president of the Arts and Crafts society, gives this as one of the crystalized impressions gained from her tour of the out-of-the-way places of the world from which she has just returned.

Accompanied by Mrs. J. A. Bunting of Centerville and Mrs. John Chandler and Miss Lily Carter of Palo Alto, Mrs. Hand visited Mediterranean ports in Europe and Africa and India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Manchuria, Korea, Japan, China and the Hawaiian Islands on her extended trip on which she started in the early part of January.

"I saw many wonderful and strange sights and many wonderful and strange people, but I was particularly impressed by the prevalence of beauty in the various countries I visited," she said "Particularly in the Orient—China, Japan and Korea—is everything else apparently sacrificed to beauty. The homes of the people, though often so humble in size and accomodations, are so colorful and beautiful. And their utilities, also. In Korea we were able to obtain extremely beautiful boxes, with hand-made brass fittings and locks, formerly used by the natives when their money was so cumbersome. In Japan we found that the rare and beautiful lacquer formerly made by the natives is no longer created. Beautiful pieces that each required many months ofpatient and painstaking labor were shown us, but it was explained that tourists, particularly American tourists, showed no interest in such extremely fine examples of the Japanese art, and that it had been found worth while only to make the veneered lacquer such as we see so much of in this country.

"But in natural beauty the world holds no greater wonders than in America—in California, and in Carmel. The famous drive out of Monte Carlo is one of marvelous beauty, but it can be equalled and excelled on the California coast near Carmel. But there your road is backed by colorful and architecturally fascinating villas. And we are gradually acquiring those, too."

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CARMEL BAKERY IS SOLD

The Carmel Bakery has been sold by Bernard Wetzell to Carl Huseman and Oswald Thiel. Huseman previously owned and conducted the bakery.

ARTS AND CRAFTS SUMMER SCHOOL OPENS JUNE 1

Cornelis Botke has been named art director of the Arts and Crafts Summer school which will open its sessions this year about June 1, according to an announcement made by Joseph F. Hartley, president of the Arts and Crafts society.

Stanley Wood, well known painter of San Francisco, will conduct daily classes in painting. The classes will be held every afternoon except Saturday and on Saturday morning of each week he will conduct a review of the work of the week.

Virginia Tooker of Chicago will have charge of children's classes in art each morning.

Classes in ballet dancing will be held each Saturday afternoon by Mrs. G. F. Harris.

All class sessions will be held in Arts and Crafts hall, Casanova street between Eighth and Ninth streets.

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"THE MUTANT" NEXT DRAMATIC OFFERING

There is much interst manifest in the forthcoming offering of the Arts and Crafts theatre when George Ball and Louise Walcott will produce the Mutant, a play written by Mrs. Walcott and Gilbert Hamilton, and to be seen for the first time on the stage when it is at the Monte Verde playhouse this Friday and Saturday evenings and also on May 28 and 29.

The play deals with an entirely new theme as far as the stage is concerned and has several most intense dramatic situations. The rehearsals indicate, it is declared, that the prduction will be the finest the Arts and Crafts theatre has ever offered.

The cast includes Marian Todd, William Titmas, Winsor Josselyn, George Ball, Tommie Thomson and Gladys Vander Roest.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

NO. 1

—Drawn By Robert Hestwood

Katharine Vander Roest Clarke is a pianist, and you can pronounce it pea-a-nist if you are inclined. She always wears a turban, except, of course, when she does a Fisk.

She was born at Mount Vernon, New York, studied with Epstein in New York and received the Ernest Hutchison scholarship. She went to Europe with Ethel Leginska and studied two years. She made her debut in London.

She has a passion for chess and Chinese eats. We do not know how old she is. She gives a recital at the Theatre of the Golden Bough next Sunday.

WATCH FOR YOURS.

OVERSTREET SELLS THE PINE CONE

William L. Overstreet announced yesterday that he had sold the weekly Pine Cone and his printing plant on Dolores street to J. A. Easton, a former San Luis Obispo newspaperman who came to Carmel a few months ago to make his home.

Easton took possession immediately.

Mr. and Mrs. Oversteet began publication of the Pine Cone eighteen years ago.

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GEORGE BALL PROBABLY TO PRODUCE "FIRE"

George M. Ball, managing director of the Arts and Crafts theater, will probably produce "Fire," Mary Austin's great poetic drama, at the Forest theater in July.

At a meeting of the directors of the Arts and Crafts society last week John Northern Hilliard resigned as director of the production and it was decided to enlist the services of Ball.

Hilliard and Dr. A. E. Burton reported on the possibility of obtaining Indians for use in the production. They returned last week from a trip to Arizona where they arranged for the services of Indians should the necessary funds be raised for bringing them here.

"Fire" was produced at the Forset theater in 1911 and was a signal success. Those who saw it at that time have expressed themselves as eager to see a re-production of Mrs. Austin's allegorical play.

JUST A WORD

It is all very well to pat the child on the head and tell him how cute he is, but that won't keep him alive. You intend to subscribe to The Cymbal; please do it now. You need not send the money. Just telephone your name to Carmel 13 and we'll bill you on June 1.

TWENTY TWO INNINGS OF EXCITEMENT STAGED AT ABALONE FIELD SUNDAY

by FRANK SHERIDAN

The second cluster of gems in baseball daring and playing was put on exhibition at the Abalone League grounds last Sunday. In the three games more excitement and thrills were packed into the 22innings than could be found in 22 games of the ordinary or pitcher-garden variety of baseball known as Big League stuff.

Players were laid out galore. Sizzling plays that had to be made in a split second came in every other inning. Daring base running by desperate players who were determined to get the run over that was needed to tie the score brought tumbles and slides that lifted the spectators to their feet.

Each one of the games had its individual episode of debate with the umpire that added to the joy of the populace without diminishing the fighting spirit of the athletes.

A little thing like getting a human battering ram in the ribs and giving up all the air in the lungs in exchange, as did Gottfried while first basing for the Tigers in the final game was brushed by as "all in a day's work".

There was A GAME to talk about: extra inning affair; anybody's game up to the finale. The Tigers out, 4 runs, 3 for the Bears. Splendid pitching by Preddie Ammerman and Ernie Schweninger.

The frst game, between the White Sox and the Pirates, was a sluggish affair, that brought out some sparkling fielding from both teams, the Pirates getting the decision 11 to 7.

The second game between the Shamrocks and the Reds started off with a promise to be one of those dull uninteresting, one-sided affairs with the score at the end of the fifth inning Shamrocks 5, Reds 0, but in the sixth the Reds with two out jumped on Berkey's pitching, who was unhittable up to then, and pounded out four runs, the Shamrocks in their half got the four back and two more for good measure. The Reds added one more in the seventh then bowed their heads to the axe—score Shamrocks 11; Reds 5.

Boke, left field for the Reds, was the bright shining star of the game, covering a world of ground and converting what seemed sure hits into remarkable outs.

If these early games are a forerunner of what's to come when the teams get into real form, the Peninsula can look forward to one of the bitterest fights for high honors that the Abalone League has ever indulged in.

Pirates	11
White Sox	7
Shamrocks	11
Reds	5
Tigers	4
Bears	3

SILVA HAS LONG EXHIBIT IN PARIS GALLERIES

William P. Silva had a one-man exhibition of paintings in the Galeries Simonson, Paris, April 3 to 27.

Forty-nine paintings made an imposing exhibition by this Carmel artist, a large number of them being scenes with which Carmelites are most familiar—Pt. Lobos in many moods, Carmel bay in scenes peaceful and stormy, the famous old cypresses, the eucalyptus at the Carmel gate to Del Monte Forest, and striking scenes all along the coast from the lighthouse in Pacific Grove to Pt. Lobos. Other scenes are a foggy day on the campus at the University of California, three of Lake Tahoe, morning mist at Del Monte and one scene on the Mojave desert.

In addition there were sixteen North Carolina scenes similar to those that were so much liked in Mr. Silva's exhibitions at his own Carmelita Gallery on San Antonio street. There were, further, five French scenes and ten Venetian.

Silva has lived so unostentatiously in Carmel that many have scarcely realized how well known his work is, and in how many galleries his pictures are now hanging.

He is represented in the Gibbs Art gallery, Charleston, S. C.; Carnegie Library, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans; Carnegie Library, Palo Alto; Janesville Art gallery, Janesville, Wis.; Milwaukee Art Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.; Art Museum, Fort Worth, Texas; Nineteenth Century club, Memphis, Tenn.; Mississippi Art association, Jacksonville, Miss; Nashville Art association, Nashville, Tenn.; Kansas State Teachers' College, Emporia, Kansas, and Centennial Club, Nashville, Tenn. In addition, there are reproductions of a large number of his works in the Congressional Library at Washington.

It will be remembered that Silva was awarded Honorable Mention at the Salon des Artistes Francais in 1922. Since then he was awarded the prize of the Southern States Art League in 1926. In previous years he received a silver medal at the Appalachian Exposition at Knoxville, Tenn., in 1910; silver medal at the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, 1915; gold medal at the Mississippi Art Association in 1916, and the Landscape prize at the California State Fair in 1920 and again in 1921.

Silva is no stranger to Paris art circles. He was educated at the famous Academie Jullian, and worked there under the direction of Jean-Paul Laurens and Henri Royer, and has made numerous visits there since his tudent days, winning some new recognition each time.

Mr. and Mrs. Silva expect to be in Carmel late in May.

The following on "Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years," by Carl Sandburg, is interesting:

One would hardly have expected Mr. Sandburg to produce a work of great critical value. One looks in vain for the new material which the publishers have proclaimed. Except for a letter from Lincoln to his wife, a choice document very recently secured by Oliver R. Barret, whose wealth of documentary data is equalled only by his generosity to his friends, the new material is negligible and much of it unreliable. It is not for this that the book is not notable, but for its atmosphere and fine flavor.

A careful critic, glancing through the book, will find an unimportant mistake on almost every page . . . The defects mentioned in Mr. Sandburg's book are those which belong to the temperament of the poet. This book is not history, it is not even biography, but it is real literature and a delightful and important contribution to the ever-lengthening shelf of really good books about Lincoln . .

—William E. Barton in *World's Work.*

Emily Townsend
Florence Edgarton

STYLE SHOP

Dresses both ready to wear and made to order.
Specialists in large sizes.

OLD HAND BUILDING
OCEAN AVENUE
CARMEL

Katharine Vander Roest Clarke

PIANIST

in

CONCERT

Sunday, May 23 at 8:30 p. m.

THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH
Admittance $1.10, including tax.

IMELMAN'S
Sport Shop

We are showing a new consignment of
GOLF SHOES
for men and women at prices ranging from
$5.50 to $12.50
They include the latest styles in two-toned shoes. white buck; elk, gray and tan, and white buck trimmed with alligator.
May we not have the pleasure of fitting you?

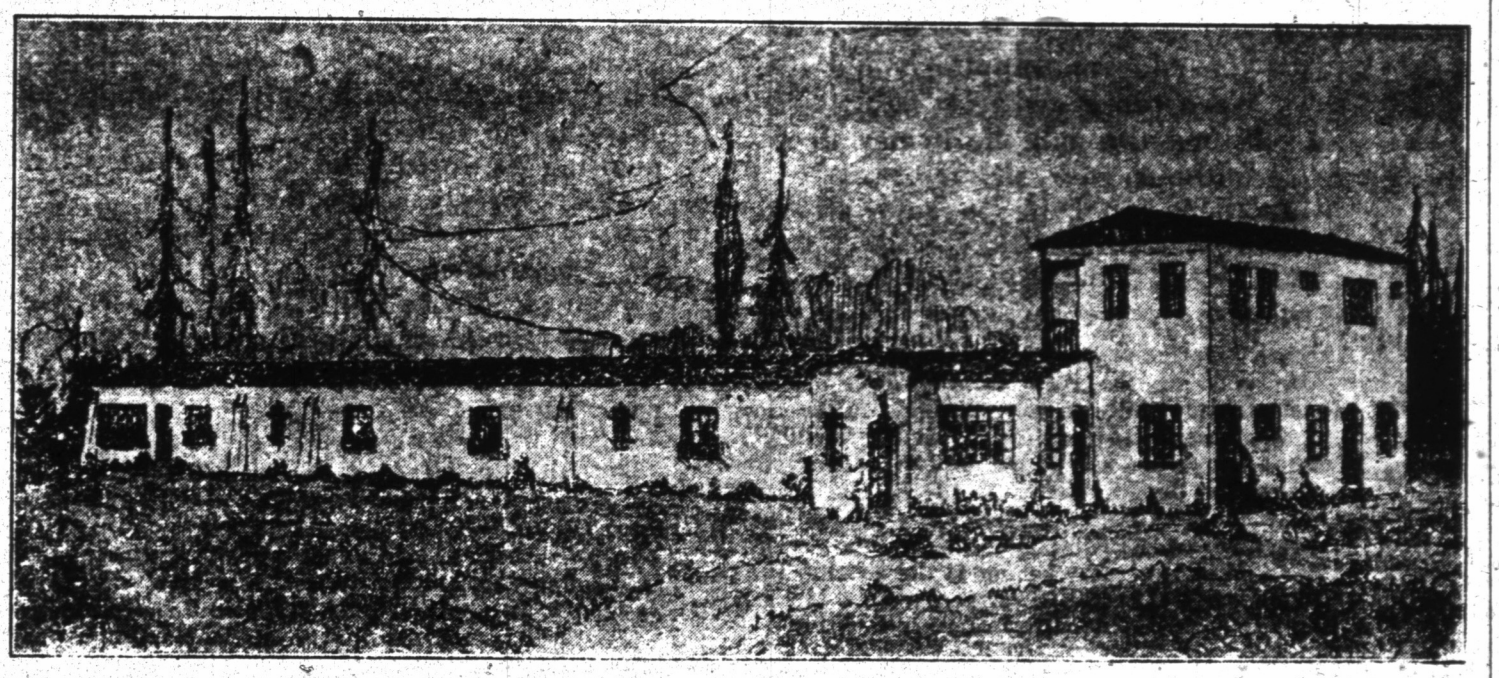
OLD CABIN INN

Lodging with or without meals
Chicken dinners Sunday and Wednesday

P. O. Box 273
Carmel

on Professors' Row
El Camino Real

Carmel's New Hospital



To be constructed at Camino del Monte and Santa Fe avenue in Carmel Woods for Miss Edith Shuffleton at a cost of $35,000. Robert Stanton is the architect.

CARMEL WRITERS AND ARTISTS (Past and Present) IN CURRENT PUBLICATIONS

[*Courtesy of The Seven Arts*]

COUNTRY LIFE, March. **Painting by Jessie Arms Botke.**

HARPER'S BAZAAR, April. **Reproductions of three paintings by Jessie Arms Botke.**

BOOKMAN, April. My Favorite Fiction Character, by I. A. R. Wylie.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, April. No Proposals Accepted, by I. A. R. Wylie.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, April. The Way of Understanding, by Anne Shannon Monroe.

COSMOPOLITAN, April. Pig Iron (part VII), by Charles G. Norris.

COSMOPOLITAN, April. The Miracle Workers, by Kathleen Norris.

AMERICAN BOY, April. The Mystery Man, by Billy Argo.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, April 17. The Old People, by I. A. R. Wylie.

SATURDAY EVENING POST, April 24. Love and Money, by Jesse Lynch Williams.

NATION, April 28. Buck and Wing and Bill Robinson, by Mary Austin.

CENTURY, May. Lady Policeman, by Adriana Spadoni.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, May. Polly with a Present, by Anne Shannon Monroe.

ATLANTIC, May. Passing of the Great Cardinal, by Charlotte Kellogg.

SCRIBNER'S, May. Smoky, by Will James.

EVERYBODY'S, May. Princess in distress (part II), by Grace Sartwell Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Delger Moller, members of Oakland's younger smart set, are spending the month here in Mrs. Moller's mother's house, the Heathorn cottage on Scenic Drive.

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Dr. and Mrs. Forrest Shreve are in Carmel again. Dr. Shreve will probably return to the Desert Laboratory at Tucson, Arizona, about the middle of June, but Mrs. Shreve and Margaret will remain here until the latter part of the year.

BASHAM'S IS SOLD TO SAN RAFAEL PEOPLE

The report of the sale of Basham's candy store has been confirmed by Mrs. Ivy Basham who, with her husband, Walter, and daughters, Vere and Jean, will leave Carmel next month for an extended automobile tour through Idaho, Utah and Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Whitney of San Rafael have purchased Basham's and will take possession June 1. Mrs. Whitney is a sister of William Frolli, owner of the Carmel garage.

The Bashams have conducted the store for five years.

Miss Norma Pichetti, who has been employed in the store for the past year, will return to her home in Mountain View.

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BROTHER OF CARMELITE ON GUATEMALA SNAKE HUNT

In pursuit of his study of reptiles, J. R. Slevin, interationally known herpetologist, is now in Guatemala, according to word received last week by his brother, L. S. Slevin of Carmel. He will remain in the southern republic all summer and then return to New York where he will join the expedition to the Galapagos Islands off the coast of Ecuador. Slevin is recognized as an authority on the great tortoises which inhabit the waters of this group of islands and it is for this reason that he has been urged to join the expedition.

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Fairy story—Once there was a Californian who would rather have lived in New York.—Life.

Cost Plus Five Per Cent

I aim to build as well and as economically as it can be done, and I hit the mark so often that I have hosts of satisfied customers. May I not include you?

PERCY PARKES
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
PARKES BUILDING CARMEL
Telephone 71

CHEVROLET

I have trying for some time to get a satisfactory selling agreement on the Chevrolet car and am glad to announce that I have succeeded.

If you want to see a beautiful car at a remarkably low price, come in and look at

THE NEW

Chevrolet Landau Sedan!

Latest model, just recently designed. Rich gray Duco finish. Roomy interior in gray brocaded velvet. Better upholstery than ever before used in a car of this price. Powerful, efficient valve-in-head Chevrolet motor needs no describing . . .

I have first class servicing facilities.

Price $972.50, including extra tire, two bumpers, etc. Small payment down, terms, from 6 to 18 months.

THE PAUL J. DENNY
MOTOR SALES AGENCY
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
Telephone 102

CHEVROLET—BUICK—OLDSMOBILE
All General Motors Products

The Cymbal Announces:

Despite every frantic protest from our friends—and we are compelled to believe that they have acted from friendly motives only—we are obeying that impulse and—

Herewith starting a Limerick Contest.

We expect you immediately to scream: "How original." We know it. We can't seem to restrain ourselves from doing the original as, witness, the clashing of THE CYMBAL on an unsuspecting and sardonic world.

To repeat, and hark back, we are herewith starting a limerick contest. We announce the prize first as a means of assuring ourselves that you will read on to the bitter end of this announcement. We actually are going to bestow an annual subscription to THE CYMBAL on the person or persons, organization or organizations, college or colleges, who or which, send or sends, in to us the best limerick beginning with the line:

"There was a young girl of Carmel."

Now, for the edification of those who have never become acquainted with the meters, rhythm and rhyme of a limerick, but principally to demonstrate our own cleverness, we herewith submit the following as a sample:

"There was a young girl of Carmel
Who casually fell in a well;
When hauled to the rim
By her favorite him
Her one single comment was, "Hell!"

With the publication of this effort of ours goes a restriction on the use of the final word of the sample limerick in any that may be submitted to us in this contest. We consider that we have exhausted its usefulness with one demand upon it. Therefore we will accept no limericks using that antithesis of "heaven."

But the etymological world is jammed with others. We place no limit on human possibilities when it comes to finding rhymes. In fact, we have been struck dumb and prostrate by such discoveries in verse that has been sent in to us on occasions in the past.

You can do it. Remember Eddie Guest and never say die. Send in your limericks. They will be judged by a committee, two members of which the editor had considerable difficulty in convincing that their labors would be a distinct contribution to the esthetic future of Carmel. The committee is:

Mrs. Tad Stinson
Mr. Thomas Bickle
The Editor of The Cymbal

The contest will close at midnight June 12, 1926, and all envelopes containing limericks must be postmarked before that hour and date.

THE CYMBAL reserves the right to publish from week to week limericks which are deemed of sufficient merit.

"The game's afoot; follow your spirit!"

—or something

In New York they call baby carriages blunderbuses.

Just how do you suppose you'd feel
Were you a seal?
A' slithing through the briney deep
Without your sleep?
But then you'd be so safe all right—
So water-tight.

HERE'S AN UNDERTAKER WHO WANTS A JOB

In entering the race for the office of coroner and public administrator, Ralph Muller does so at the earnest solicitation of many friends, making a clean-cut campaign, and promising to discharge the duties of office to the best of his ability, these energies being in keeping with his business, therefore he can give his time to the work. Besides, he claims that he needs the office.—Political adv.

The Bon Ton restaurant is doing a bit of repairing. A new door with a transom will be among the changes. Charles Allaire has the job of painting and says he will combine a soft ivory color with yellow and chocolate brown to make the interior pleasing.—Peninsula Herald.

If they lock you in your can get out through the new transom, and no one can blame Charley Allaire for trying, and—ah, well, constructive criticism is what the Herald wants.

AN AGED LILY

The calla lily that has lingered in the late Eliot Smith's family of Norway, Me., for the past 83 years and three months, has a bud on it. It will soon bloom. It came into the Smith family three months before Prof Sydney I. Smith got there, hence its age is known. Sidney I. Smith was born in Norway, Feb. 18, 1843, and is now living in New Haven, Conn.—*Newburyport News.*

It'll have to go seventeen years longer to discover that the first hundred are the hardest—in Newburyport.

TO A PERSON

If I could only make you see
This is what it means to me . . .
It's no use talking at your cool, pale eyes,
It's no use saying that it's all just lies.
You do know something, I grant you that
You have logic and you talk me flat:
"Money is money and it costs to eat,
It's fine to stand upon your own two feet."
But that's not what I'm thinking of.

Now laugh, lady,

I mean *LOVE.*

—Elspeth in The Conning Tower.

—*W. K. B.*

Some Comments on The Cymbal

This is interesting.

During the course of the few days immediately following the appearance of the first issue of THE CYMBAL there were, of course, many things said about the paper. They were practically all statements of approbation followed by "buts." We are printing herewith the "buts" and what we have to say about them.

On Atmosphere

Dear Cymbal: Will you please use "Carmel-by-the-Sea, California." It makes such a difference in the atmosphere of your paper.

This reminds us of a recent satire on the by-the-sea stuff. Someone suggested "Podunk-by-the-Railroad" as the name of a town. But, seriously, we don't believe it would enhance the atmosphere of THE CYMBAL. The city is known generally throughout the state and country as Carmel. That's a good name as it stands. Adding "by-the-sea" wouldn't make it better, we are sure.

We Over-rule This

Your front page was badly made up.

This was said to us by someone who backed up his statement with the assertion that he had had lots of experience in making up newspaper pages. Well, so have we. And we wish to state that THE CYMBAL'S first page was well made up. The type of the Murphy story graduated from the banner line of 36-point italic to a two-column three-line head of 36-point condensed head letter. Then the graduation went to ten-point double-column, to ten-point single column, to eight-point single column. In the first column of the page was 24-point condensed head letter of the same family as the Murphy double-column head. The second column was topped by an 18-point head of the same kind of type. A "machine head" was placed on a story far down on the page. The make-up was according to the typographical Hoyle. This may seem a bit like getting you all messed up with the ink in a print shop, but why not be familiar-like in these things?

Too Much Slang?

I like the paper, but I heard the criticism that there was too much slang in it.

The person who so informed us was not quite certain as to what part of the paper or what article had committed this crime, but we are willing to assume that perhaps the editorials were aimed at. We can't see that there was anything in the manner of slang in them that could offend. We have long since given up the thought that purism had a chance to win out over the persistence and remarkable potency of the American language so-called. It says things and says them with virility. And it isn't actually objectionable if one draws the line before—well before—coarseness is reached.

Not Where It Belonged

The criticism of "To a Playground" was good, but it didn't belong on the front page.

Thanks for the first and we agree on the second. It was not intended for the front page, but if any of you have ever gone through the experience of "making-up" a periodical you will appreciate how difficult it is to place things where you want them. The story is sometimes too long to go into the place designed for it. Then another page which might have come to the rescue has been "locked up." Hereafter dramatic reviews will appear on the inside of the paper on pages devoted to art critics. That is, we will make every effort to follow this rule.

Here's What H. L. Mencken Thinks of Calvin Coolidge

MERCURY EDITOR USES HARD TONE

[From the Baltimore Sun]

By H. L. Mencken

I

A Cheap Negro—A Great Scientist

When, a short while back, the Hon. Henry Lincoln Johnson, the colored Republican boss of Georgia, was snatched to bliss eternal, the Hon. Mr. Coolidge, speaking for the people of the United States, sent a long and voluptuous telegram of condolence to the bereaved widow.

When, a bit further back, Dr. Jacques Loeb, perhaps the greatest American biologist of his time, departed quietly for that hell where evolutionists roast forever, there was not a sound from the White House.

The two facts, so placed in juxtaposition, throw a brilliant light upon the democratic theory of government.

By that theory any citizen, no matter how meager his cultural equipment, is fit to be President of the United States, if, when and as he can get the votes.

He may be chosen by accident, and almost at random, but once he is in office he speaks for the whole people of the nation. They are bound, in a very real way, by his private notions of the true, the good and the beautiful.

Whosoever he sees fit to honor, they also honor. Those he holds in contempt are officially contemptible.

So that we come to this: that in the United States of today a vulgar and degraded Negro politician of the Hookworm and Bible Belt is worth more—nay a thousand times more—than a Jacques Loeb.

When such a loafer dies the President of the United States, acting as the representative of the American people, makes it known to all men that the Republic has suffered dreadful loss.

But when a Jacques Loeb dies the loss is so slight that it is not worth mentioning.

For all the American people cared, speaking through their official spokesman, the carcass of Loeb might have been buried in the potter's field or even handed over to a medical college.

Johnson was a great man. Loeb was a nobody.

II.

A Dull Man at the Head of the State

Let no one accuse me here of making too much of the chance and lamentable fact that Dr. Coolidge is a man of small knowledge, with the private tastes of a rural Congressman

It may be a chance fact, but it is still a fact, and its implications remain valid and real.

There is, to be sure, nothing new in having a dull man at the head of the State.

King George of England is obviously even worse than Coolidge; he has the mentality, according to very friendly witnesses, of a somewhat backward boy of eleven.

But a difference remains, and it is very important. It lies in the fact that King George, though he may lack sense, is at least a gentleman—that his prejudices in matters of decorum are at all events the predjudices of his class.

So, alas, are Dr. Coolidge's. When he speaks he speaks for the yokelry.

Thus the Widow Johnson gets a long and eloquent telegram to frame and hang in the parlor, and the Widow Loeb gets none.

And thus the ante-chambers of the White House are filled day in and day out with a rabble of cheap politicians, and few Americans of any dignity or learning are ever received there.

The American court takes the place of the old-time country tavern, now extinct. Its favorite and constant guests are persons who would not be welcome in any respectable club. Its permanent boarders are persons of such caliber that they seem stupid even to the Washington correspondents.

The Presidential yacht is laden with them when it sails. The decks are crowded with political hacks. In the hold is a chaingang of flattered newspaper editors.

Such persons, of course, are also God's creatures. They are citizens and taxpayers. They have a right of access to the President.

But here we have the shocking spectacle of them crowding out everyone else.

For weeks on end, if the newspaper reports do not lie, they monopolize the Presidential presence and the Presidential ear.

Not a man above the level of hack politics is received, save now and then a representative of predatory business.

A stranger, judging the American people by the guests of their Chief Executive, might conclude very plausibly that we were a race of human Fords, with no man among us worth knowing.

111.

Roosevelt and John L. Sullivan

It is plain that the tone of this astounding company is fixed by the presidential taste, for it was very different in the days of other Presidents.

I pass over the early ones, and point to Roosevelt.

His enemies have more than once called attention to the fact that he had faults, but none of them, so far as I know, has ever alleged that he was stupid.

His mind ranged a wide field—superficially, perhaps, but still dilligently.

He was interested in everything that educated men are interested in, and he had plenty of curiosity and energy left for the concerns of the more ignorant.

No man was ever more the professional politician, but no policitican was ever less than a slave to mere politics.

The White House, in his time, mirrored his catholic tastes, his wide human sympathies, and his delight in the free play of ideas.

It was not a mere roost for party hacks; it was the resort of all the most interesting men and women in the United States, and of all the distinguished strangers who came and went.

There was time for John L. Sullivan, but there was also time for the visiting pathologist, the new poet, the cow-State John Baptist, the polar explorer, the labor leader, the archaeologist, the fiddler.

Roosevelt, perhaps, knew nothing well, but all the same he knew a great deal. He was an educated man in the best sense, wholly devoid of pedantry and full of a pressing and insatiable curiosity.

During his presidency there was probably a better integration of talents in this country than there had ever been before.

The head of the State discharged superbly one of his chief functions: that of recruiting and organizing its best brains.

He established contacts between men who might have never met otherwise. He encouraged free trade in ideas of all sorts, good and bad, and he was largely responsible, I believe, for the great flowering of intellecutal activity in America, in and out of politics which followed his administration.

IV.

Taft, Wilson, Harding

Taft, a man of vastly less mental activity, tried to follow him—perhaps without much success, but still not without trying. The White House continued to see distinguished men.

So, again, in the days of Wilson at least until the beginning of the war.

Woodrow was a vain fellow and disthat of the back room of a village tabut he had at least inhabited the academic grove long enough to know how to be polite to them.

His private tastes were those of a civilized man. He was immensely well read, especially on his chosen subject of government, and he had a decent relish for the fine arts and a high respect for the sciences.

The change came when the Martyr Harding entered the White House with his Ohio Gang of Anti-Saloon League politicians, job-brokers, shyster lawyers and bootleggers.

His notion of a good time was precisely the notion of a small-town Elk. He not only knew nothing about the arts and sciences; he had never so much as heard of the arts and sciences.

His ideals of arduous intellectual exercise was to hear a sermon in a rural Fundamentalist church.

His bosom friends were men who wavered on the border line between mere political skulduggery and downright felony.

He brought the White House half the way toward the status and dignity of a second-rate saloon.

It now goes further along the way. Its general tone, as I have said, is that of the back roo mof a village tavern.

Its favorite guests are professional job-mongers—simply that, and nothing more. They have no other claim to public atteitnon or presidential notice.

Take away their talent for the most sordid and ignoble variety of political manipulation, and they become mere vacuums, without substance or reality.

It is to the tune of their counsel and in the atmosphere of their tastes and instincts that the business of the premier free nation of the world is now carried on.

When they are stumped, they send for a Babbitt. Every man above that level is under their suspicion.

Such is the national fount of honor.

The spectacle is singular, and not without its ironical humors.

For the first time in history, so far as I know, the government of a great nation has become the monopoly of an ignorant, worthless and anti-social class.

There is no room at the throne side for any man who knows anything worth knowing.

There is no room for any man whose public spirit gets beyong trading in jobs. At last we hit the bottom.

We make our own

ICE CREAM

It is not shipped in

TRY OUR FAMOUS

LOGANBERRY SHERBERT

CURTIS CANDY STORE

LITERATURE AND

"MANHATTAN ISLAND" TOO NEAR TRUTH FOR COMFORT

By DOROTHEA CASTELHUN

I don't know what impression any one who had never been to New York may get from "Manhattan Transfer," but to me reading it was almost painfully like being there again. I don't even see how those who have merely visited New York could be stabbed by the same vivid sights and sounds and smells which shout from its pages. When you are in Manhattan as a casual outsider interested chiefly in the amusements of life in the huge city, unpleasant impressions must naturally sink less deep. The sunshine on the gay clothes of four o'clock Fifth avenue and the blaze of electricity of night-time Broadway would soon blot out in your memory the fleeting glimpses of dark tenement rooms, dirty alleys and the tired city pallor on thousands of dull faces.

But if you've ever worked in New York—I mean in just an ordinary job—and day after day jammed yourself in among thousands of other people all intent, through bread-and-butter necessity, on getting to work on time, and jammed in again at night with another tidal wave of humans fighting even more fiercely to get away from work to home, then you have experienced something of the mingled sensations "Manhattan Transfer" recalls in the reading. It's not only the author's insistense on noises and smells of all kinds. It's the weird, confused jumble of individuals that is so overwhelming. In the course of your progress from say the 23d street ferry, across the city and then perhaps uptown somewhere, you cut through in your contact with localities and people, a dozen different levels of society, a dozen different nationalities, a dozen different strata, with each its different manner of living and thinking, its different forms of amusement. its different tragedies. This side of Manhattan is forced on you without anv of the palliating glamor of the romance of novelty when you struggle through it every day on your way to work with the rest of the world. There are days when you're not even interested by the ever-present drama of the streets, days when all that your city-tired mind takes in is a hopelessly gray sordidness—days when you can feel nothing but resentment at having to spend so much of your life walking on dirty pavements littered with chewing gum wrappers and cigarette stubs—days when you see only the revolting aspect of the hurrying masses about you, insolent young men with leering eyes, cheap girls in shoddy clothes, with mask-thick powder on their faces, wretched old men with a look of defeat blurring their vacant eyes—days when you are simply overwhelmed by the appalling amount of unhappiness in the world.

Of course your days aren't all like that, however much you rebel against being poor in New York—you couldn't stand it if they were! But there are days when you find everything interesting, when little funny incidents happen along the way to work, when the air is fresh with that indescribably exhilarating salt breath from the harbor and you feel cheered up at the thought of sunlight on white-painted decks and little blue waves slapping against the sides of boats, days when, as you swing down Fifth avenue in the late afternoon, you see the ugly old Flat Iron building loom up transformed in the dusty golden mist of sunset to a stately ocean liner—days when the people you bump into arouse your curiosity rather than your impatience and make you wonder what they do and where they go when they leave work, and what they think about—days when it's possible to conceive of each one of them having a life of his or her own just as absorbingly and vitally important to him or her as your own is to you. It's apt to be, when you feel that way, one of the days when New York is neither too wiltingly hot nor too bitingly cold, neither too dustily windy nor too mud-

(Turn to Page Ten)

Cyril Hume, whose "Cruel Fellowship" was such a fine piece of work, has written the "Golden Dancer" which will be out this summer some time.

o

Those who enjoyed the particular bite of Aldous Huxley's books will be interested in the news that his "Two or Three Graces" makes its auuearence early in the autumn.

o

Countess Russell, known for so many years as "the author of 'Elizabeth and Her German Garden'," has written new book which will be out in the fal. The title is "An Introduction to Sally".

o

Paticularly interesting is the announcement of the new Sinclair Lewis book soon to appear. It is the story of a New Yorker in the great open spaces. Its title is charterized by the same brevity as Lewis's other books, viz. "Man-trap".

o

We can say definitely that those libertines who declare that censorship and suppression of indecent literature does no good are wilfully blind. Since those pure noble Boston men objected to "Hatrack", we recently saw, with our own eyes, two copies of the American Mercury in the Third Avenue "L"

—from The New Yorker

Denny and Watrous
Designers, Builders, Decorators of Homes
Box 282, Carmel, California

LATE HOURS WHEN GEORGE GETS GOING

When George Sterling and a few others get together in San Francisco it's generally 3 a. m. before anyone thinks of a clock, according to the following from the Gossip Shop in the current issue of the Bookman:

California must be a place of writers in varying moods. Franklin Wolf, who used to be at Yale, and who wrote lyrics and worked in a bank here in New York City, has turned up out there in the artists' colony. Occasionally he writes me of the interesting doings:

"For example, last Saturday night we had a session on Montgomery Street. George Sterling was there and read an unpublished poem. Then he talked about Sinclair Lewis (who is here today—, by the way) and Edgar Lee Masters and Sandburg's new book. I held the floor for a while on Dreiser's 'American Tagedy' and Robinson Jeffers (who lives at Carmel, you know). Then my wife read John V. A. Weaver's 'More in American' . . . . very effective. John D. Barry, lecturer and critic, was there arguing with a former German ace, Rehorst by name, a friend of Hugo Stinnes. We had excellent music by Joan London and Rose Parrish. Then the conversation among different groups began to grow serious (as it tends to when the sense of humor is lost among any 'little group of serious thinkers') and it was 5 a. m. when the party broke up."

Then, Bob Roe sends me the billhead of his Spanish Craft Forge at Monterey, which he is carrying on with R. V. Howard. It is a most unusual billhead, for it bears on the back a verse from one of Bob's poems.

HOW JEFFERS AND LAWRENCE 'DO' THE ATMOSPHERE

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

It is always difficult to say just how much of the thing observed is objective and how much subjective. Controversy has been exhaustive in this field and although many a thinker has pronounced the so-called final word on the subject it still remains an unsolved problem.

Two of the most discussed figures of present-day literature would seem to strengthen the subjective point of view. The one is a poet, Robinson Jeffers of Carmel, and the other a novelist, D. H. Lawrence, at present living in Mexico.

In his recent book of poems—"Roan Stallion," Robinson Jeffers has set the stage chiefly along the coast of the Monterey Peninsula and among the Santa Lucia hills. It has often been said by his readers that he does not give us California as it is—but we would ask—What is "California as it is?" The thing that Robinson Jeffers sees is not the thing that George Sterling sees, and the thing that George Sterling sees is not what a Del Monte golfer sees, and none of them see what a Monterey sardine fisherman sees. So who shall say which of them sees California in itself if indeed such a thing exists?

Robinson Jeffers is conscious of the violence which underlies the flower-beauty of the coast. He feels the tragedy and the perversity which thread darkly through the bluest of our blue days. It is this that he impersonates in his characters and to the critic who says they are not California people,

(Turn to Page Eleven)

TILLY POLAK
Antiques and Objets D'Art

ANTIQUE TABLES, CHESTS, SIDEBOARDS, CHESTS OF DRAWERS, CHAIRS, WRITING DESKS, CABINETS, CLOCKS . . . SPANISH HAND-EMBROIDERED SHAWLS . . . HAND PAINTED SHAWLS FROM VIENNA . . . MODERN GLASS, DESIGNED BY FAMOUS DUTCH ARTISTS . . .

WROUGHT IRON LANTERNS

COURT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH CARMEL

THE OTHER ARTS

THEOBALDS CLOSE FINE EXHIBIT OF THEIR PAINTINGS

By BLANCHE C. MATTHIAS

Elizabeth Sturtevant Theobald and Samuel Theobald Jr. have just closed an exhibition of a group of paintings and statuettes in She Seven Arts building. The Theobalds are identified with New York and Baltimore, although the enthusiastic approval which they are receiving in California may induce them to yield allegiance, especially as they are finding daily inspiration in a land about which everything has already been said.

Samuel Theobald is essentially a colorist. He combines with rare insight, the bold and the reticent, which nature sometimes too lavishly flings with blinding effect, into the eyes of less discriminating artists. Theobald is not a photographic copier. One of his canvases has been thought to have had its birth in five different places in California, which, as Mrs. Theobald wisely remarked, shows that he is painting California, rather than a spot in the garden of Mr. X. There is a technical fearlessness in Mr. Theobald which is refreshing. He dares risk having someone say, "This reminds me of the work of Waugh, or Grover, or Avinoff." In other words he adapts style to subject, instead of trying to standardize and trademark his output.

Mostly Theobald works in a low key, with a charming and intelligent color harmony for his scale. His com-

(Turn to Page Eleven)

CARMEL NOW HAS ART GALLERY

It is no longer necessary for the curious visitor to wander up and down seeking for the work of Carmel's artists. Instead of directing him to the many scattered studios we can now say "You will find a representative collection at the art gallery on San Carlos above Fourth Street."

Mrs. H. G. Stoddard has done wonders in converting her home into a suitable place for the exhibition of pictures. It is surrounded by a lovely old garden where honeysuckle and roses run riot, and all sorts of familiar flowers grow.

Here the visitor will find the work of C. Chapel Judson, Cornelius Botke, Jessie Arms Botke, M. de Neale Morgan, Harold Knott, Ferdinand Bergdof and others. It is hoped that the gallery will become widely known and that it will receive the appreciation it deserves.

Tea is to be served on the wide porch and in the garden, and altogether we feel that the Carmel Art Gallery, with its home-like atmosphere, will soon become one of the favorite places in our town. It is something that we have always needed and we wish it every success.

—D. C. H.

Carmel Beach

A Linoleum Block, cut for The Cymbal by Robert Hestwood

PICHEL NOW HEAD OF SANTA BARBARA THEATER

Irving Pichel, for several years director of the Berkeley Players Guild and well known in Carmel where he has appeared at the head of dramatic companies from the college city, has accepted appointment as director of the Lobero theater in Santa Barbara. The Lobero has been the scene of the production of many clever amateur plays in recent years and is the center of dramatic life in the southern California community.

Wrought Iron
The Forge in The Oaks
John Catlin Carmel

PREJUDICE

I hate your attitude,
You're always right.
And like a platitude
You're always trite.

—from The New Yorker

A CAPPELLA IS ONE WITH SONG OF THE WAVES

By DAVID ALBERTO

The first great musical event that happened in this vicinity was when God gave voice unto the waves, and thereupon began a symphony which has run down through the eons of time.

Next in importance—and not necessarily inferior to it—was the performance given by the Smallman A Cappella Choir at the Theatre of the Golden Bough Saturday and Sunday evenings. It seems important at the moment of writing to give this information, for it is doubtful whether the thirty-odd people present Saturday night will be able to convey it to those hundreds and hundreds who missed the concert. The enthusiastic comments which this chorus has elicited from such musical authorities as Percy Grainger were not exaggerated, to put it mildly.

After the performance at the Golden Bough, L. E. M. Cosmey remarked that he had not been conscious of the fact that such marvelous effects were possible in choral singing. This remark, it should be noted, comes from one who has spent a good part of his life directing choruses.

The writer hesitates to make any definite statement because it is only by comparison that beauty can be described—and there is no precedent.

NEW YORKER COMMENTS ON OPERA OFFERINGS

The Metropolitan Opera closed its season with a showing of the same work that opened it, "La Gioconda." And as music reviewers devote spring to statistics, philosophy and inquests, we'll look back over the long winter nights on Broadway at Fortieth Street and shovel up the snows of the yesteryear which ends herewith.

Under the auspices of Mr. Gatti-Casazza, there were eleven novelties or revivals, of which five may be set down as credits, two as debits, and four as indifferent entries. "L'Heure Espagnole," although it created no consternation among the standees,

(Turn to Page Ten)

THE HOBBY HOUSE

Antiques

Shawls
Pottery
Brass and Copper

Dolores opposite
Postoffice

BONNIE LEE

JUST AS IT OCCURS

to O. S.

[The Cymbal's Eastern Looker-on]

I was reading Olive Gilbreath's "If Today Have No Tomorrow" when Laura came in. She proceeded to tell me the most dramatic story about Olive Gilbreath who was in the same class at Wellesley as Laura. It seems that Olive was than a very dumpy, dowdy, unattractive girl from Missouri, considered rather sweet but otherwise ignored. Some fifteen years later Laura, taken to her salon in New York, was amazed to find that Olive had been metamorphosed into the most dintinguished woman she had met in years—sleuder, low voice—altogether a personage! She had had a little money of her own and had decided to live abroad on it and in some way had got in with the very best society in Russia where she lived many years. (This novel is of Russia, and awfully well done). She traveled everywhere, became known in all the salons of Europe as a quite remarkable woman. Laura ran across her again a few years later in China. Olive was the most popular woman in British and American circles there, with any number of interesting men head over heels in love with her. Now she has come back to America, apparently to write. Judging from "If Today Have No Tomorrow," she *can* write, too.

• • • •

When Mary Pickford was in New York a couple of years ago she said, it was reported in one of the papers: "Romeo was very much less of a heman than Doug, and I don't want Doug to play him. Why, Romeo actually compromised Juliet by going to see her at night and climbing up to her window." F. P. A. nominated Mary for Heywood Broun's Most Virtuous Woman and remarked that she was evidently Shakespeare's severest critic!

• • • •

I'm reading that insufferable "Miss Watts." Of all the moron-pap! It does annoy me so when they sentimentalize even the cat in a book. The unfortunate animal in this story is never allowed to be real a moment—he must be part of the sickening picture every moment. Well, I might have known from the sub-title: An Old-Fashioned Romance.

• • • •

Esther saw a copy of "Where the Blue Begins" that Christophere Morley had autographed for a stenographer, a very pretty girl who had done some work on it for him. The autograph read: "To Bess. God Bless you and keep you. I only wish I could afford to." Isn't that delicious?

• • • •

"Lustres" is a collection of short stories, Barriesque ones. I read two of them this morning and longed for a jolly little Sherwood Anderson collection. They're "whimsical" and fantastical" and "fairy-like"—and they'd appeal to nothing beyond the mental capacity of an apple dumpling. The authors are the Misses Annie and Dillwyn Parrish. It has a pretty binding and will look decorative on a bookshelf. For all of me, it will never be disturbed.

• • • •

We enjoyed our play the next evening—"Arms and the Man," done by the Theatre Guild. Tom Powers and Katharine Alexander played the leads, and were both, as was the whole company, excellent. It's so much more delicious played than to read! We all adored it. And wondered why on earth managers put on so many appallingly bad plays when there are so many good ones of Shaw's that can be done over! . . .

• • • •

The funniest picture — "Single Wives" with Corinne Griffith and Milton Sills. You can imagine the story from the title, high life with men engrossed in business and their wives pining for a little reel old-fashioned affection. There was one killing incident, in the bedroom of a six-months' bride. She is in bed, has been complaining of feeling badly, and the doctor has just been. Young husband hovering anxiously about. Doctor takes husband aside and whispers in his ear. Husband jumps for joy. Doctor leaves, husband approaches wife with much registering of tenderness, whispers in *her* ear, she gasps for dear life, registers "Me!" and they both embrace! Isn't that lovely! Imagine the wife, a modern flapper, having to be told by the doctor, through her husband, that she's going to have a baby! . . .

• • • •

I've had a grand time re-reading "Antic Hay." Huxley can certainly write. Some day he's going to forget what a damnfool world it is, and turn out something profound. Do you remember the character of the artist Lypiatt? He's done a perfect marvel of characterization there; I can't think of anything any better in recent fiction. And Gumbril, too, (who you know must be Huxley himself) is frightfully well done, with little touches that are piercingly enlightening. The whole thing is a mad, insane jumble, but Godnose post-war England must have been exactly that . . .

• • • •

After finishing "Antic Hav" it's rather hard to get into Marco Polo's atmosphere. He wrote so statistically, with absolutely no imagination or humor, and with such thickly-coated piety. Fortunately, however, the court of Kublai Khan was so magnificent and romantic in itself that he can't quite dim its splendor . . .

• • • •

One of the most interesting details in "Catherine the Great" (that is, in her love life), is her method of choosing lovers. She first had them examined by her Scotch physician, being deadly afraid of contracting a venereal disease. Next, if the applicant passed, he had to pass, as a lover, the approval of two of her ladies-in-waiting! Isn't that business-like? And what a busy time the ladies must have had! Catherine really wasn't half the voluptuary that history has painted her, however, as she had only twelve lovers in her lifetime, which was long. And there is probably no doubt that she would have been a perfectly virtuous wife if she hadn't been pawned off in marriage to the impotent Peter II whom she afterward deposed and replaced as ruler . . . There is one lovely story concerning the preparations for the wedding. Catherine was an obscure little German princess who had been brought to Russia to marry the heir apparent because no other monarch in Europe would submit a daughter to such a fate. The Russians were looked upon as barbarians and Peter was known to be mentally deficient . . . . Well, to show the state of civilization in Russia at that time, Catherine was ordered by the Empress Elizabeth to take a bath the day before her marriage! . . . The book is very colorful and fascinating . . .

TRAVELERS RETURNING

Mrs. Madge Morrow of Carmel Highlands and Miss Anne Nash and Miss Dorothy Bassett of Carmel sailed from Cristobal, Canal Zone, last Thursday on the steamer Manchuria for San Francisco completing their ten months trip to Spain, Italy, Switzerland and France. They are expected in Carmel about May 26.

The trio spent the final there months of their stay in Europe in Paris, sailing from Rochelle for Cristobal on April 11. During their extended trip they visited the interesting and "out of the way" places in the neighborhoods of Rome, Naples, Venice, Florence, Mdrid and Paris. They centered their attention on the old Cathedrals and art galleries of the cities visited.

"PURPLE PIGEON" WRITER LIVING IN NEW YORK

Miss Irene Alexander, whose opera, "The Purple Pigeon," was heard by many Carmel people when produced at the San Jose High School last spring, has returned from Europe and is now living in New York. "The Purple Pigeon" was recently given a second production in Oakland.

Eliot & Marian

NEW TWO-PIECE SPORT COSTUMES JUST ARRIVED. LATEST STYLES IN THESE POPULAR DRESSES ARE VERY SMART! CONTRASTING MATERIALS ARE BEING USED NOW; SKIRTS ARE PLEATED AND MANY SLEEVES SHOW THE PEASANT FULLNESS. ALL OUR GOWNS ARE DIRECT FROM NEW YORK . . .

INTERIOR DECORATING
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SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

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THE first and only book on all phases of

CARMEL

giving an account of its history, arts, literature and science; its original personality, and its beauty!

Written by Daisy Bostick and Dorothea Castelhun. Illustrated with photographs and sketches by Carmel artists.

$2.00

A PLEASING SOUVENIR FOR THE VISITOR

VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR THE NATIVE

NEWS NOTES

J. D. Patterson of Patterson of Patterson, California, has engaged the Fenton Foster house on Scenic Drive for July and August. He has also taken the Mary May house on Ninth and Camino Real for his sister for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Crittendon were in Carmel last week. They took the Caroline Kimball house on Carpenter Street which they will occupy for the entire summer and possibly longer. Mrs. Crittenden is related to the J. Underwood Halls of San Jose who are well known in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Wurfel are spending the rest of May in the Warren D. Allen cottag eon Lincoln Street. Wurfel is in the Coast Guard service and comes to Carmel every year to repair the telephone line which runs between here and the Point Sur lighthouse.

G. A. Richmond, brother of Ed Richmon, head of the Richmond-Chase Company of San Jose, and Mrs. Richmond are occupying the Gene Byrnes cottage on Casanova for a several weeks' stay.

J. Tavernetti, county farm agent, with headquarters in Carmel valley, has bought a piece of property in La Loma.

R. Clarkson Colman's new studio will be one of the most attractive improvements in the La Loma tract. Colman is a marine painter of note, who came here recently from Laguna Beach. THE CYMBAL will publish later, an article describing the Colman studio. L. Egasse is the architect.

Joseph Ramsay, formerly of Princeton and a student of Prof. Conant of Harvard, is coming to the Coastal Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution as a volunteer assistant for the summer. Ramsay will spend the time working on the problem of synthesizing dihydroxyacetone.

Flora M. Geldert was in town last week arranging details in connection with her cottage on Carmelo avenue, which Mrs. Yodes Remsen will occupy this coming summer. Mrs. Geldert is the traveling representative of a large firm manufacturing toilet accessories. In the course of her travels she collects all kinds of bulbs with the result that she has one of the finest bulb gardens here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kittle of Ross, Marin county, have taken the Maxwell studio, which they will occupy until August 1. Mrs. Maxwell has left for New York on her way to Europe to spend the summer painting. She will spend a large part of her time in Spain.

GARVIN HEADS "BRITANNICA"

James Louis Garvin, the man described by the late Lord Northcliffe as "the greatest living journalist," has been appointed editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica, to succeed the late Hugh Chisholm. Garvin has been editing, since 1908, the "London Observer" (Sunday), formerly owned by Lord Northcliffe, who founded it, now in the hands of Viscount Astor.

"JUNGLE DAYS" WINS MEDAL

The Burroughs Medal, which is awarded each year for the best literary piece of work on natural history, has been presented to William Beebe for his 1925 book of essays, "Jungle Days." A new book by this same author will appear sometime in May or June, entitled "The Arcturus Adventure." Mr. Beebe lives in New York in a West Side apartment where, it is said that one of the most important furnishings is a phonograph, for the famous naturalist is devoted to the art of dancing. Many of his parties are given in the big studio of Ezra Winters on top of Grand Central Station. Mr. Beebe plans to spend the summer on the *Arcturus*, dredging in the Hudson Gorge, before leaving for a longer trip whose objective has not yet been decided upon.

o

It has been estimated that a man in Paris who danced for a hundred and twenty-six hours on end used sufficient energy to have typewritten a novel. It must be admitted, however, that by dancing he didn't tire anybody but himself.—Humorist.

o

A writer observes that there are two sides to everything. Unfortunately our neighbor has lots of gramophone records that remind us of the fact.—Humorist.

SOMEHOW RELEVANT

"Bill has such a clean mind!"
"I never saw a vacuum cleaner."
—Life.

Boni and Liveright will publish another volume of poetry by Robinson Jeffers next spring. "Roan Stallion" which this firm brought out has had a wide sale.

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Arts and Crafts Theater

May 21 and 22 May 28 and 29

THE MUTANT

by

Louise Walcott and Gilbert Hamilton

Producing Director
GEORGE M. BALL

SHOPPING with CYMBALINE

Cymbaline looked up from her book. "I thought that John Dos Passos was putting every smell known to mortal man or woman into this 'Manhattan Transfer'—now I'm sure of it! But if you know what 'the smell of snipped thread' is, you know more than I do. I wish you'd snip a piece of thread and let me see what its peculiar odor might be."

I happened to be doing some mending and obligingly I seized the scissors and cut off a piece of white cotton number 60. Cymbaline wrinkled her nose. "I can't smell it at all!" she protested.

"Neither can I. Of course, this may not be the same kind of thread. Perhaps it's the **snipping.**. I'm not quite sure if I know the difference between snipping and just plain cutting," I confessed doubtfully, "do you?"

Cymbaline smiled. "Perhaps it's the same as between a **shop** and just plain **store**—all in the name. Which reminds me that I'm going out to look for a smock. I feel it would increase the efficiency of my help with your housework if I wore one, don't you?"

"Well, of course, it might be worth **trying**, though I've always found an apron as good as anything."

"I get absolutely no inspiration from an apron," replied Cymbaline firmly as she departed . . .

When she returned about an hour later she brought me a huge dish of Curtis's delicious loganberry sherbet which tasted at the moment like the most heavenly ambrosia to me. It was one of those rare days when the Carmel sun is really hot and I had been sweeping and dusting—without the inspiration of a smock!

"Where, by the way, is the smock you set out to buy?" I asked.

"Oh, I've just been looking round," she explained, "and I haven't been to all the places yet—"

"All the places!" I echoed, "what have you been doing all this time? Didn't you find **any** smocks in town?"

"Certainly! That's just the trouble. I couldn't quite make up my mind, and I got to only two places where they have them and I want to see if there are any others before I actually buy. I walked down on the right hand side of Ocean Avenue, so naturally I dropped in at Eliot and Marian's. That's where I spent a good part of the time. Do you know they get their dresses—thank goodness, I don't write fashion articles and have to call them 'gowns' and 'frocks'!—straight from New York? Everything! They have some new sport dresses that are simply stunning. You know, it's interesting to see the little changes that come along. For instance, take the two-piece sport dress. First it was rather plain and simple, and you saw it mostly in jerseys and such materials. Now, it's such a popular style that it's coming out in crepe de chines and lovely heavy corded silks, with all sorts of extra little touches, so you can wear it for quite dress-up occasions."

"Skirts still fairly full?" I questioned hopefully as Cymbaline paused for breath.

"Oh yes, box pleats and accordion pleats, and they're using my favorite sleeve again, the kind with fullness at the bottom that's so soft and graceful!"

"But smocks? Didn't you see any at all? I'm sure—"

"Yes, after I had gazed longingly at the little French handkerchiefs—I think I should like to collect handkerchiefs the way people collect china or bugs—I looked at smocks in two places. At Goldstine's there were some made of linen, lovely, slippery material that reminds you of grass cloth, in plaids—it would wash beautifully, I know. They also had the regular working smock in all the colors of the rainbow, and Mrs. Bachman said that she expected some smocks in of figured cretonnes."

"Where else did you go?"

"Well, I very nearly didn't go anywhere else because I got so fascinated by the collection of old photographs of ships' figureheads in Slevin's back room. I just had time to go next door to the Cinderella shop and glance at their smocks. That's certainly the smocklover's paradise! I never saw so many kinds, from cotton crepes on up. But after I saw a silk one, that happened to be out over a chair, I don't know the proper name for the color, but it left an impression of soft blue-green-jade, trimmed with some kind of figured batik-effect—I wanted it so badly that I couldn't think of anything else."

"It's a good thing, as you said, that you're not writing fashion articles," I remarked critically, "for you're not very fluent with proper technical terms, it seems to me . . . At any rate, the cotton smocks are lovely and much more practical for housework," I added consolingly, "if you can't afford the silk right now."

"Yes," agreed Cymbaline cheerfully, "and, as Eve probably said, half a leaf is better than none."

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G. A. McIntire of New York City arrived in Carmel last week after motoring from Seattle to San Diego along the coast. Ten minutes after he struck Carmel he decided that this was the place he wishe dto stay. He engaged the H. G. Benedict house on Scenic drive for the summer for himself and Mrs. McIntyre.

o

Miss Viola Cofer, bookkeeper of the Carmel Realty Company, is away on her vacation. She is taking a motor trip to the Sacramento Valley and north with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cochran of Hayward.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER

(Continued from Page Six)

dily and slipperily rainy! . . .

Possibly the loyal New Yorker might think Dos Passos has given an unfair picture by his emphasis on the darker side of Manhattan life and his insistent use of smells—chiefly unpleasant ones!—But, as I said before, if you've been one of the insignificant drops in the swirling sea of workers there you can't help but feel the vividness and somehow the reality of this book.

There are irritations in the mechanism of "Manhattan Transfer;" unnecessary ones, they seem to me. Why, if a writer wishes to revert to simplified punctuation and leave out commas, why doesn't he do it consistently? And—while I'm not hopelessly conservative about commas (though the editor thinks I use twice as many as necessary or even desirable) I do think it makes conversation easier to read if the name of the person addressed in a remark is set off with commas. Also, there is the matter of the omission of apostrophes in elided words. If at the beginning of a sentence, the author uses "dont," why, I rise to ask, does he write "haven't" toward the end of the sentence? And while we're mentioning annoyances, I raise a feeble protest against the introductory, in-italics paragraph heading each chapter—I can't for the life of me see the necessity for serving these literary hors d'oeuvres, particularly when they have such distinctly tender-buttons flavor!

When I think of my general feeling as I read "Manhattan Transfer" I am inevitably taken back in spirit to my sensations as I used to stand at the crossing waiting for the propitious moment to make a dash across the bewildering pandemonium of Herald Square on my way to the Pennsylvania station. I could never quite lose the memory of the moment of absured panic as I hesitated amid the sounds and sights of that kaleidoscopic scene (I *tried* not to use that word but I felt it coming!)—the deafening thunder of the Sixth avenue elevateds roaring overhead—the clang, clang, clang of the street cars inching along (if the motorman rings that get-out-of-the-way bell with his foot I should think he'd wear out a shoe sole a week!)—the clatter of truck horses on the paving—the continuous and maddening honking of taxi horns—the yells of newsboys—and all the other million noises. As I said in the beginning, if you've ever gone back and forth to work in New York, you'll find reading "Manhattan Transfer" almost painfully bringing back your memory of it.

WANT A DOG?

Someone is minus a nice dog. Three quarters hound, with all the good quarters of that popular breed. He begged his way into Carmel with a hurt paw which one of the school children kindly bandaged for him. Afterward he was assisted into a limousine by one of Carmel's younger set and has been gently cared for by the Humane Society ever since. This was nearly a week ago. The paw is well now and unless the owner claims him in three days, the Society will give to some dogless Carmelite, who will find him a loving and devoted pal. He has soft floppy ears, wistful eyes, and a sweet voice.

o

Dr. D. T. MacDougal, director of the Coastal Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, is arriving today from Tucson, Arizona, to spend the summer in Carmel.

o

N. Y. GRAND OPERA

(Continued from Page Six)

gets our vote as the best novelty of the year. The other four credits are "Skyscrapers," in spite of its painfully cerebral literary basis; "La Vestale," interesting chiefly as a slice of old-fashioned gingerbread, but nevertheless good gingerbread, "Die Verkaufte Braut" and "Gianni Schicchi." The debits are "Don Quixote," a terrible opera which Massenet pasted together for Chaliapin (in which Chaliapin demonstrated his genius as well as his notable contempt for teamwork, by throwing Massenet and his librettists into the orchestra pit), and "La Cena delle Beffe," an enthusiastic maltreatment of a fine play. Anybody who wants to get excited about "Der Barbier von Bagdad," "La Vida Breve," "Le Rossignol" or "I Gioielli della Madonna" may burn his own typewriter ribbon on them.

—R. A. S. in *The New Yorker.*

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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly journal of news of the activities and ideas of people, their aspirations and endeavors, together with comment and opinion thereon.

Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of the Cymbal, Seven Arts Building, Carmel, Monterey County, California.

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Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

BOOKBINDING DESCRIBED AS MOST CHARMING ART

To collect and worship beautiful book-bindings is to foster a charming art. It has much the same relation to books themselves as a collection of gems, or of specimens of carved jade. You will like your favorite modern authors in some "handsome" and "uniform" binding if you look upon books as part of your scheme of household decoration. If the book in itself, in its associations with the days when you first loved it, in connection with what really made it a book—that is the work of author and illustrator—if these things are important, you will prefer your old copy of "Roughing It," in its frayed, black cloth, and with the original pictures, especially the one of the buffalo climbing the tree after Bemis. And if somebody tells you that its market value is about a dollar and a quarter, you will not be troubled. There are men who talk as if authors were a kind of insect, allowed to exist only because they furnish those two great artists, the printer and the book-binder, material for their really important creations.

A collection of first editions may be extremely fascinating. It is lack of discrimination in selecting them, and the attempt constantly to add to the number of collectible authors which makes them absurd. The reader of books will always resent it if books which he could appreciate are gobbled up by someone who owns them merely to boast about them. The wealthy collector who can himself enjoy his books, and he who sooner or later makes his books available for others—whether the circle be large or small—these have never aroused any reasonable man's wrath.—Edmund Pearson in Books in Black and Red.

NEWGATE CALENDAR TO BE PUBLISHED ONCE MORE

Just now there's a crime-wave in literature—if you can describe an interest in the literature of crime by that term! And, like all other fashions, it causes a vast amount of looking backward and delving into the records of the past. Even Vanity Fair, which bases its entire appeal for subscriptions upon the promise that its sparkling pages will keep you up to the mark on the very latest doings and thinkings of the sophisticated world, is running a series of articles by Edmund Pearson on the spectacular crimes of the past few centuries. Whatever it is that causes us to read with fascinated atteption all the horrible details of criminal records, it is undeniable that we are interested in them, whether past or present.

The Newgate Calendar, reprinted now for the first time in many years, is being published by Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford, Connecticut. It contains the records of nearly a hundred notorious cases and is illustrated by old pictures of the most lively variety. After the great fire of 1666, this famous old prison was rebuilt, and again in 1770, at which time the number of prisoners was anywhere from six hundred to a thousand. The penal laws of England provided punishment by death for no less than 160 offences! Most of us would have a hard time thinking up that many ways of committing crimes, without including such offeces as parking on the wrong side of the street.

JEFFERS AND LAWRENCE

(Continued from Page Six)

we say that we are dealing with the work of a poet who does not see things through the eyes of the man-in-the-street. We are concerned with a creator. He has taken the clay into his capable hands and made of it a thing as fragile as "wet poppies waiting spring" or as ferociously terrible in its beauty as his "Roan Stallion."

So little is he concerned with the importance of things in themselves that it is in the fine abstraction of such memorable passages as the one beginning

"Humanity is the start of the race,
I say,
Humanity is the world to break
away from."

that he achieves a majesty only comparable to Whitman. He joins "the enormous splendour."

In the case of D. H. Laurence, those who look for a book about Mexico in "The Plumed Serpent" are doomed to disappointment. They will be better satisfied by any well-written guide book. What we have is essentially a book about D. H. Laurence. He has breathed on the black dry terrible Mexican soil and out of it he has created a thing in his own image—just as ruthless, just as faulty, just as highly sensitized and just as supremely beautiful. Mexico is his crude material and as such it is plastic. It shows us the author at the stage through which he is passing. Had he lived in Mexico ten years ago he would not have given us the book he has given us today and who shall say whether Mexico has changed or remained the same?

Into the dark gaze of the peon, Laurence has read his own imperonality; into the revolutionary spirit, his own rebellion, and into the whole country his hatred of impotence in any form whatsoever.

In these days when our most exact sciences have been shaken from their complacency by the genius of Einstein—and when we question the very existence of time and space under the old definitions, we have become sceptical as to the independent existence of "things in themselves."

HERE'S WHAT A CYMBAL IS

By HAROLD K. HESTWOOD

The cymbal is a musical instrument with an indefinite pitch, a disc of resonant metal usually in pairs. They are played not by clashing them together but in striking their edges with a sliding movement. Cymbals may be of fine or poor quality, producing a brilliant, lasting or terrifying effect or an impotent dull smash, like broken crockery. The clang of the cymbal is very penetrating. It can be used in other ways; by striking a suspended cymbal with a drum stick an effect somewhat like a gong is produced. A roll played on a cymbal with two kettle drum sticks produces a wierd oriental clang.

What has this to do with the new Carmel Cymbal? Is there anything in a name? Judging from copy number one there is something in a name. Th equality is good and the brilliant lasting clang is still penetrating. It is refreshing. More than taht. It is vital. Being of indefinite pitch its sound synchronizes with any tone or chord reverberating in our Carmel existence; awakening us from a dull stupor by sudden fortzando.

THEOBALDS

(Continued from Page Six)

positions are rhythmical and simple. There is movement in the water, and the trees have their roots in living soil. A small group of water colors which are part of the exhibition, made one wish for more of this kind of work from the artist. They are sparkingly fresh and alive. If space permitted, it would be interesting to speak at more length upon particular pictures in the collection, such as the Point Lobos group, which are among the strongest and best, Polo and Lotus Flowers, and some others whose titles have escaped, but which remain vividly in mind.

Mrs. Theobald is represented in the exhibition by fewer canvases than her husband. There is one delightful bit which was painted in Santa Barbara. It fairly lifts itself out of the frame, so vibrant is it with light and color. There are a number of portrait sketches, done in from one to two sittings which are most interesting, as are the statuettes in bronze and soap. Soap is amazingly lovely in texture when seen after the skillful hands of the sculptress have given it planes and depths, curves and angles. The delicate charm of Mrs. Theobald's work has no suggestion of weakness in it, and the only criticism of her which insists upon utterance is that she does not show enough of her work. This may be due to the fact that both husband and wife are represented in many private collections in the East and even the kindest of collectors objects to sharing too many times with the public. Alexander Smith of Chicago, Major Karnes of Los Angeles, Mrs. Paul Nicholson of Provincetown and Mrs. Chas. Manville of N. Y., are but a few of those who possess representative works of these two Theobalds. Geographically speaking, the territory is widespread.

—B. C. M.

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EDITORIAL PAGE

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

W. K. BASSETT
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, MAY 18, 1926

The Cymbal extends its welcome and all good wishes to J. A. Easton, new owner of the Pine Cone. It is a rare experience for a newspaper publisher, in the second issue of his paper to be able to greet another even newer in the field than himself.

Greetings from Mr. Sandholdt

In h very attractive double-column editori type, George Sandholdt, who has recentl purchased the Pacific Grove Daily eview, said the following nice thing about THE CYMBAL in his issue of last Wednesday, adding the bigger part of our op ning editorial statement:

A NEW ONE

Ye terday I stumbled across a copy of the first issue of a new Peninsula publication, the Carmel Cymbal. It's a weekly publication with the name W. K. Bassett at the Masthead. I understand Mr. Bassett is an old hand at newspapering and that he has been in Carmel for about a year. The appearance of the paper indicates that no "greenhorn" started it on its journey through life.

The first issue contains twelve pages with a proper proportion of live reading matter and well setup advertisements.

As duty calls me away from the editorial typewriter, I will let you read the opening editorial gun, which is quite a broadside, of the Carmel Cymbal. It will probably give you a better idea of the Cymbal than anything I could say of it. It does sound distinctly Carmelish in spots.

Wherein We Are an Inspiration

If THE CYMBAL never accomplishes anything else we have proved, at least, an inspiration to the Peninsula Herald. In the issue of last Wednesday, Allen Griffin writes an editorial about us and, with characteristic lack of journalistic ethics, puts it in the news columns. But it is well written; better written than anything that has appeared in the Herald since we have been apologetically glancing over its arid pages. This pleases us for, like Oscar Wilde, we don't care what a man says if he only says it well. And, even if one doesn't know what sophomoric means, it's a good word, anyway. Here's Griffin's surprisingly well-rounded attempt at dev-astation:

Carmel Refreshed
By New Magazine

Filled with avowed high purposes to "stand or fall," the Carmel Cymbal issued its first refreshing edition in Carmel, yesterday, and became, forthwith, the talk of the town.

The Carmel Cymbal, a weekly newspaper edited and published by W. K. Bassett, formerly a San Francisco newspaperman, and printed by the Seven Arts Press, issues in tabloid form but is made up in newspaper style. Its articles are written in good journalese, and its first contributors are Dora C. Hagemeyer, Talbert Josselyn, Blanche C. Matthias, Robert Welles Ritchie, and Dorothea Castelhun.

Editorially The Cymbal announces a warm sincerity, a complete independence, and a down-right purpose. It has a censor for its advertising and a censure for too much prosperity. It makes its initial bow as a Patron of High Inspiration and a Menace levelled at Yokelism. It is marked by a refreshing sophomoric seriousness, a devoted and intensive sense of humor, and an ambition in Life. Carmel now has Better Things to Strive For.

A Bad Sign

Being charitably inclined we admit the probable inadvertance of the thing, but the Del Monte Properties Company's sign, advertising Carmel Woods, standing at the right of the main highway into our fair city, has caused, is causing, and will continue to cause as long as it stands there, considerable annoyance to strangers who seek to enter our gates. It directs the unwary autoist directly off the highway with the words in large and imposing letters: "To Carmel-by-the-Sea" and below these words are "through Carmel Woods," but the "through" is in darned small letters. The result is that residents of Carmel Woods daily are startled and amused, according to their respective temperaments, by automobile parties wearing a composite surprised and wondering expression as they wind in and out of the admittedly beautiful roads in the woods, but, nevertheless, completely in the woods. And if you've ever tried to get into the business district of Carmel from Carmel Woods you can just imagine how surprised and wondering the poor, strange visitor can be up there. Beside him the proverbial babes were in a New York tenement. The Cymbal is no chamber of commerce organ and there are some people we'd thank the Del Monte Properties Company for turning aside before they get here, but then there are others.

And a Worse One

And while we are speaking of signs, we would have a word with the proprietresses of the Myra B. and Carmelita shops. We have a scheme whereby they can increase their business. No, it isn't advertising in The Cymbal, although we have ideas about that, too. It's the removal of the horrible looking sign they have stuck up on Carpenter street just where the new paving begins. It's a terrible blight on the landscape and no credit to Mrs. Dibrell, Mrs. Fassett or "Carey of Course," the latter apparently being proud of having created the thing which, the gods know, he shouldn't be. We don't happen to be prospective customers of the Myra B. or Carmelita shops—not just now, anyway—but we've heard remarks made by several persons who are and they have mentioned dire methods of vengeance. Persons who would give Carmel the taint of Hollywood or Santa Cruz or South San Francisco shouldn't profit by it.

There's a new word out, coined by Henshaw Ward in a book called "Thobbing." You thob, it seems, when you form a pleasing opinion which you believe regardless of facts. Cymbaline asks how about "grobbing"? A portmanteau word, a quick and Cymbal (!) way of saying "grouching" and "crabbing" together! She remarked that it was suggested by the Editor's mood yesterday in the last stages of getting out THE CYMBAL. We're not sure whether she was really thobbing, however.

Speaking of new words, we rather like "the Flitterati" which Gregory Mason writes about in McNaught's Monthly for April. It's not easy to define, but very easy to get the idea of in a couple of extracts from his article: "That capacity for insincere ecstasy marks the Flitterati everywhere and by it shall ye know them . . . Always in the wake of the Literati, inevitably they play scrap-eating jackal to the Cognoscenti . . . "